

Chorus girl friend of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, who has become storm centre of trial.

[illegible]

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# WHITE BROKE PROMISE; SLAIN

[illegible][illegible]







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# DON'T WORRY

ABOUT

# WHAT

OR

# WHEN

YOU EAT! JUST USE

# STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

**YOU NEED NEVER  
FEAR LATE SUPPERS**

*The reason for this is plain. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest anything in the world that a sound, healthy, perfect stomach will digest, and do it in just the same length of time. Their essential ingredients are exactly the same as the gastric juice and other digestive fluids of the stomach, and they do their work in a natural way without causing any disturbance in the digestive organs and without leaving any bad effects. Lobsters, welsh rarebits, salads, cheese of all kinds, and in fact everything that a good liver likes, but which a good liver on account of his bad stomach has to deny himself, are all digested in a natural, harmless, but positive manner by Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.*

*Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are not influenced by surroundings in the least. It makes no difference to them what the condition of the stomach is, good or bad. They have their work to do, and they go ahead and do it, independent of all influences. They relieve the stomach of its work just as one workman relieves another, and the stomach has nothing to do but rest and get well. Nature then steps in and rebuilds and renews the weak and wasted tissues, and indigestion and dyspepsia are things of the past so far as that stomach is concerned.*

*A St. Louis Physician says: "I prescribe and recommend Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets on all occasions. I do it because they cure dyspepsia better than anything else I know of and they are absolutely harmless. Their ingredients are the same as the digestive fluids and secretions of the stomach and they produce no evil effects. I have had better success with them than anything I am able to prescribe and I feel that I am doing my duty to the public to say so."*

*The above is no exception. The best physicians are prescribing them all over the land. They can be had of any druggist for 50 cents a box, and if your own doctor is real honest with you he will tell you frankly that there is nothing on earth so good for dyspepsia as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.*

*Send us your name and address to-day and we will at once send you by mail a sample package free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 91 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich.*



P. M. SMITH





## CONRIED TO QUIT OPERA; DIRECTOR'S HEALTH GONE

**PALACE** **LYCEUM—Irwin's Big Show**  
 Daily Dressing Gownware  
 Prices 10 to 50c.  
 Daily 2:15 and 8 P. M. Till 10 O.  
 Orchestra South Side.







HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST  
89 AND 92 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, JANUARY 26, 1907

Two Ways to  
Reduce Boston  
Telephone Rates

If Competition Isn't the Right Method  
Why Not Try the Simple Expedient  
of State Legislation?

It would be the rule in the telephone field if a competing company were allowed to come in.

Independent companies in Philadelphia, St. Louis, Baltimore, Rochester and other cities have cut the Bell rates in half and still made an excellent profit.

In Philadelphia the Bell charges were \$160 for a business phone, direct, unlimited, and \$130 for a residence. The Keystone Company came in with \$80 and \$48 direct, unlimited, and measured service on the same scale—\$2 a month on a two-party line with an average of forty messages a month free (480 a year) and four cents for each additional message.

It has now 25,000 stations. Its cost of operation is about \$19 a year for each station, and its net earnings for the four months ending October 31, 1906, were \$131,242, or at the rate of about \$400,000 a year, which is 8 per cent. on the investment referable to the telephone installation.

Boston is in the same class with Philadelphia as to size and as to Bell rates.

The Bell rates here, like the old rates in Philadelphia, are on the \$160 scale—even the party line residence rates—as you will see by figuring up the receipts from the four or five-party line with a guarantee of \$30 a year from each, and the surpluses in the slot boxes, during busy months, all going to the company.

The normal residence charge direct on the \$160 scale is \$120 to \$130. The party line receipts are intended to go somewhat beyond that in order to allow something for the extra instruments involved in a four or five-party service.

If an independent company like the Keystone came to Boston our rates would probably be \$80 for direct, unlimited business service instead of \$160 and sometimes more than \$200; \$48 for residence direct, unlimited service instead of \$110 or \$120; \$24 on a two-party line and \$15 a year on a four-party line with a big block of messages free and four cents for additional messages anywhere in the metropolitan area, instead of \$30 a year on a four or five-party line, with nothing less than five cents, but many messages at ten cents, even within easy walking distance in the metropolitan area.

If the public, in view of the waste, injustice and inconvenience of competition, refuses to admit a rival company to cut the rates in half and take away the business from the Bell company, should not the Bell reduce its rates somewhere within sight of a reasonable level?

And if it will not do so voluntarily, should it not be compelled to do so by a vigorous exercise of the regulative power of the State—a regulative act of the best and strongest type?

A Clergyman Chastised—Foolish, Ignorant Anger

The Spiritual Idea for Which HE Was Chastised Was a Striking Centuries Ago

One woman, accused of assault, was angry because her dead brother had not been baptized, and she didn't want to think of him as being punished eternally for that.

She and the others were foolish to see so rudely, and the clergyman was perfectly justified in expressing his belief. The constitution guarantees to us the right to think, believe and preach anything we choose, so long as we do not injure or attack another person.

The incident in the West Virginia Baptist church is interesting, as showing how conditions change, and how the NECESSARY teaching of to-day is sometimes not understood by those who come along to-morrow.

Nothing in the world, perhaps, WAS MORE USEFUL IN THE BEGINNING OF CHRISTIANITY THAN COMPULSORY BAPTISM.

The average reader may not know that the baptism of infants, enforced most wisely in Rome and elsewhere throughout Christendom in the early days, STOPPED ABSOLUTELY THE DREADFUL PRACTICE OF INFANTICIDE.

Before Christianity came to rule the earth it was no crime to kill a newborn child or an unborn child. There were places set apart where mothers might legally expose their newborn children to be devoured by wild beasts or taken by strangers to be made into slaves.

The church saved these unfortunate little children and impressed upon mothers the sense of duty in which they were lacking by enforcing the baptism of all infants.

The same church which taught the women to bring their babies and have them baptized also taught them the enormity of the crime of infanticide or child abandonment. The mother that had brought her child to be baptized was held responsible for it thereafter, and the child was safe.

It would amaze many who wonder at various beliefs, and who rebel sometimes against religious teachings, if they could know the great good done in the past by that which puzzles them, and the vital importance in other times of a theory which seems unnecessary to them now.

The Fallen Idol

By Wex Jones

PART PERFORMANCE.—Toledo Blade, a young American, buys an idol in Siam. The Chinaman from whom he buys it is killed, and Toledo's room is ransacked in his absence.

CHAPTER II.  
EFORE going to sleep that night Toledo placed the idol at the foot of his bed.

"There, Hunk," he said, "keep your face turned to the door, so that you'll peepify any midnight prowler. And now to the hay."

Saying which, Toledo lit the pillow and began to snore, dreaming that he was in a subway express. The subway express soon appeared to run of the track and began to lurch down the pillars, whereupon the tunnel caved in.

Toledo was awake now. A Siamese was sitting on his chest, a keen knife pressed against Toledo's throat.

Another Siamese was, bolting through the window with Hunk, the idol, clasped in his arms.

What is a fair scale of rates for telephone service in Boston?

Is it not a scale that would pay a new, up-to-date plant a fair interest on actual investment?

That is the rule the merchant and manufacturer have to obey. Why not the vendor of telephone service?

It would be the rule in the telephone field if a competing company were allowed to come in.

THE SENATORIAL MINSTRELS

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Gentlemen, be seated!  
"Mistah Aldrich, what art demost wonderful piece of magic on record?"  
"I don't know, Chubby. Wat is the most wonderful piece of magic on record?"  
"De Standard Oil Trust turnin a Texas Senator into a lemon!"  
Mr. Platt will now sing that beautiful ballad, entitled, "Strolling Throughthe Subway."  
"When the nightingales were singing in the subway, soft and low,  
And the silver moon was rising, clear and grand;  
There we met the Cmmon People and we took away his doud,  
And we swatted him to beat the blooming band!"

E. Z. Mark Gets a Fond Embrace

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1. BEAUTEFUL MAID—Oh, Uncle BILL! Oh, my DEAR old fellow! How GLAD I am to see you. When did you get back? Oh, I'm so glad you have returned.

2. MR. E. Z.—My dear young lady, you have made a slight mistake. I am not your Uncle BILL. BEAUTEFUL MAID—Oh, dear me! I have made a mistake. DON't embarrass you. You look SO much like my dear Uncle BILL! You'll forgive me, I'm sure! PLEASE do.

The intellectual tendency of Boston from asserting their rights as citizens. She felt still lower.

At twenty-one the man suddenly found her heart occupied by a new emotion. She loved the man for his first time—loved deeply, purely, unselfishly, as any innocent girl might love.

Her first love had abandoned all her evil ways and companions, living only for his approval, his smile, his affection.

"Such a True Wife"  
"He is so good to me," she says; "I but he never speaks of marriage. I would make him such a true wife. I long to be the mother of his children, where there is nothing I would not sacrifice or do for his happiness. Do you think he will ever make me his own forever? I shall die if he does not! I have never loved him so before."

This is all terribly sad. I would like to encourage the girl to believe that her lover will make her his wife, and I cannot.

She is every whit as good as she is before she met him, and she has fallen may die. He was not walking the straight and intellectual path of Boston's parliamentarianism, but he was not checked in his own. It is doubtful if his nature is capable of so much stoicism and worthy action as hers.

MR. E. Z.—Well, of all things! Say, there are some mistakes made in this life that are not at all pleasant. Uncle BILL! He, he, he! But, by Jove, I mustn't say anything about this to Mary; she is fearfully jealous of me!

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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She Gives Hope to the Woman Who Has Erred  
But Still Wishes to Do Some Good in the World

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

A YOUNG woman from Boston writes me that she has recently the wickedest city in America) writes me a letter and asks for advice which will be easier to give them to follow.

Firstly, this is her life: Orphaned and penniless at the age of sixteen, she obtained a position as companion for an invalid lady. The husband of the invalid seemed to the young girl at first like the father she had never known. He was so tender and kind to her.

But before she knew what it meant to go wrong, she had been led into the maze from which exit is so difficult by the "kind and tender" foster father. Finally he importuned her to elope with him, but she realized the enormity of such a sin against the man's wife, and fled from the house. She and her friends, there were hands held out to drug her down, none to lead her free.

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MR. E. Z.—I wonder what time—You do! My nature is capable of so much stoicism and worthy action as hers.

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MR. E. Z.—I wonder what time—You do! My nature is capable of so much stoicism and worthy action as hers.

The Roosevelt Business School

By James J. Montague

(A FREE ADVERTISEMENT)  
A YOUNG MAN would like to land a job with our foremost financier—

A job that pays, from the very first, a hundred thousand a year. At Harvard or Yale

You may get on the trail Of a lot of frivolous knowledge; But the thing to seek Is not Latin or Greek.

As they're taught by a mousy college. The place for a youth to find the truth—where the strenuous student's rule, Where they swell themselves With a capital S—

Is the Roosevelt business school. Read what the testimonials say from the joyous, jubilant "grads." Who, since they left these hallowed halls, have been grabbing it up in scads.

"I am pleased to write That I find delight In the Roosevelt business school. Since you had me placed With Ryan, in India, Yours gratefully, Paul Morton."

"When I graduate I would hate to state What a salary I'll draw On account of your care In landing me where The money is. E. M. Shan."

THE place where brains reel off in skeins like thread reels off a spool—Where the grad's glad lot Is a dead sure shot—

Is the Roosevelt business school. Students like Wallace and Bellamy—maverick mavericks—Are out as a while by Professor Tat or hustled over the fence.

But Ryan friends That our personal friends At least all those that he wants—Shall never stop Till they get to the top.

Just keep your eye on Rhonda. So do not wait. To matriculate But join our classes NOW.

In a year or two Who knows but a STORE of knowledge? Why lay in a YOUNG class here, which is merely dried and drool, When a beautiful lot try to qualify for the Roosevelt business school?

Great truths are portions of the soul of man; Great souls are portions of eternity. —LOWELL